

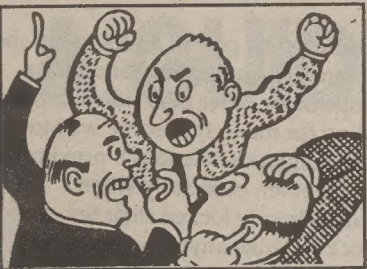
STUDENT REVIEW

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • OCTOBER 2, 1991

CAMPUS LIFE

**NEW TYPES OF
FREE FOOD!
(PAGE 3)**

ISSUES & OPINIONS



**THE BUSH
PROTEST
(PAGE 6)**

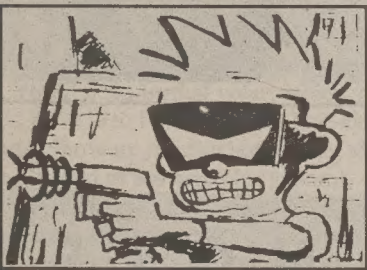
FACES

**THE BLACK
STUDENT
ASSOCIATION
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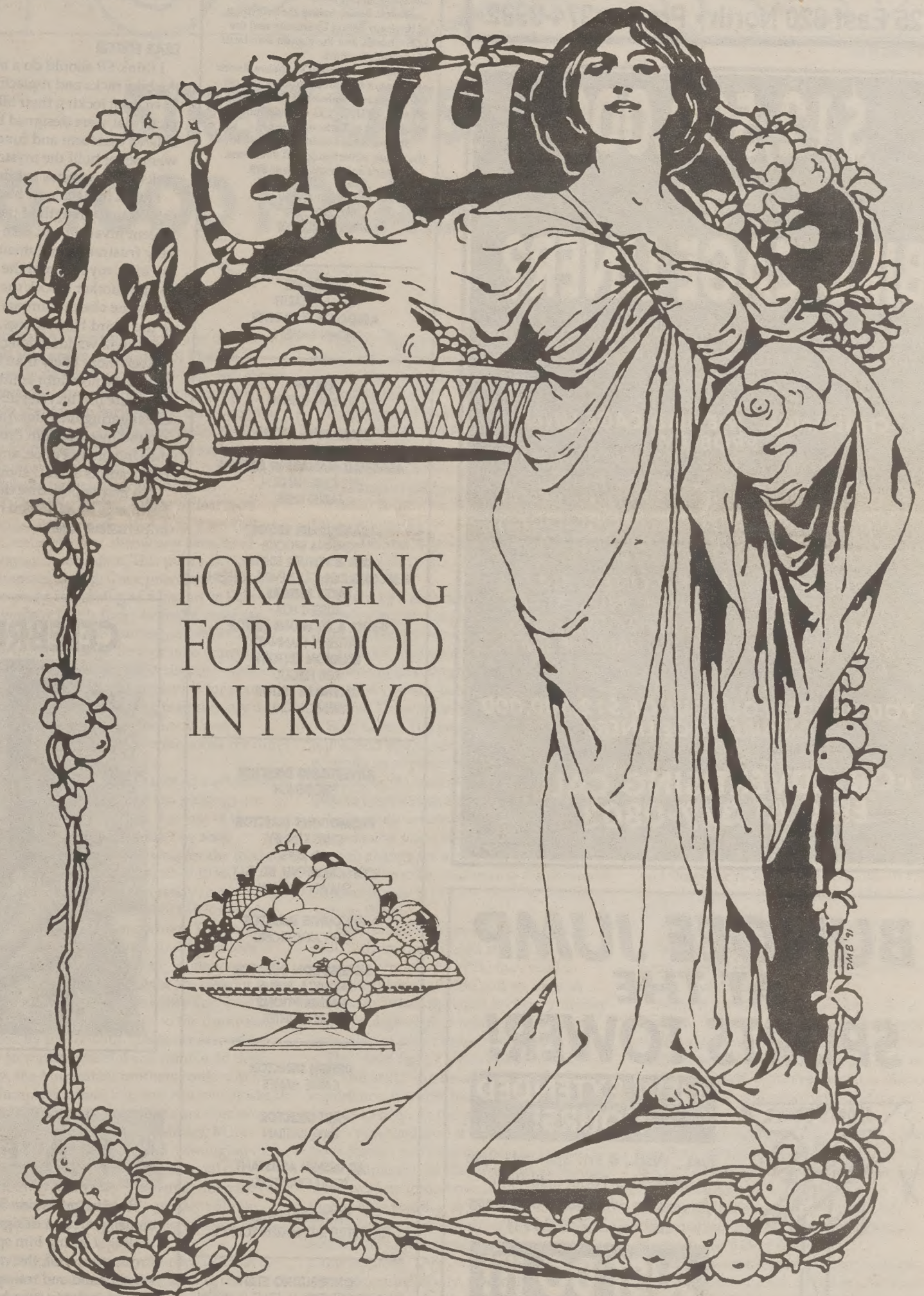
ARTS & LEISURE

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CAN HANDLE
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RELIGION



**SPACEMAN SPIFF
& SACRAMENT
MEETING
(PAGE 13)**



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FOR FOOD
IN PROVO

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Foundation for
Student Thought
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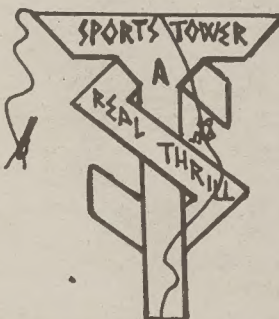
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By providing an open forum, all students are equally eligible to submit articles to Student Review. Articles should examine life at BYU—sometimes humorously, sometimes critically, but always sensitively.

Student Review values the principles of Brigham Young University and the LDS Church, and the highest standards of journalistic ethics.

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Student Review welcomes letters to the editor, advertising, and donations. A year's subscription costs \$15.

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PROVO, UT 84602
377-2980

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LETTERS

DEAR EDITOR,

Hey, I really like your color covers! Is this a new trend at the Review or a flash of quality covers before you go back to black and white? Either way the covers have looked great lately.

But, I do wonder how much you will be collecting in kick-backs from local tattoo artists. The tattoo coverage did not seem very balanced. So many articles saying such good things about tattoos, couldn't you find someone who didn't like theirs or wanted it removed? That would have been more interesting than all this stuff about how much people loved the painful tattoo process. My dad's tattoo is big, black, and has gotten more and more distorted as he has gained weight. It's gone from a proud American Eagle on his chest to some sort of weird vulture-thing on his ample stomach (his tum-tum, as he calls it). My pop is not the prettiest guy, but still, his tattoo doesn't help at all.

Do you need those tattoo kick-backs to afford your color covers? I really like them, but if you'd like kick-backs from, say, Nevada casinos, well, go without the color cover and six articles about BYU students who won a thousand dollars in Reno.

—EDDIE "EAST" WINSTON

DEAR EDITOR

I think SR should do a bit of investigative reporting on who is stealing the bike racks and replacing them with those weird black things people have been locking their bikes to. Whatever they are, they aren't bike racks that were designed by anyone from this planet. We Earthlings believe that form and function should be vaguely connected, and whomever built the mysterious things that are replacing our campus bike racks obviously has a different view.

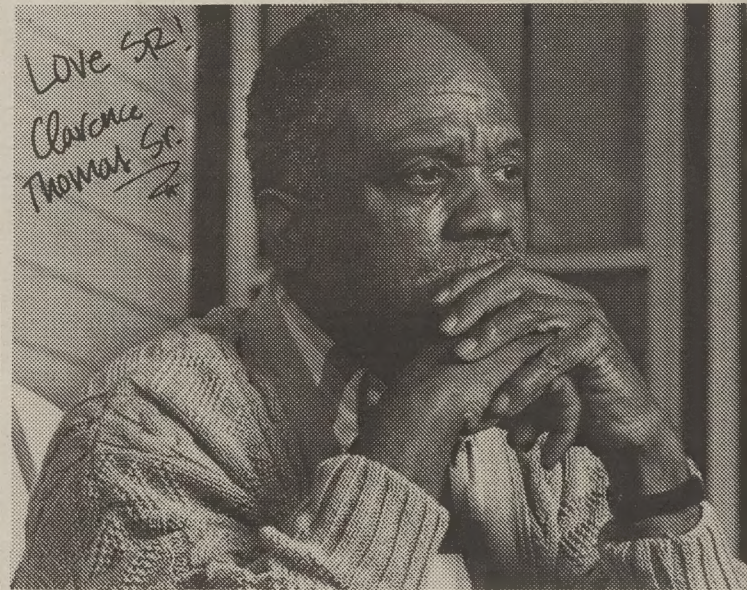
I think that the new black things could even be part of a plot to sap the intellectual strength of the citizens of planet Earth in preparation for a violent invasion and take over. I can't speak for other bike riders, but it is very frustrating and mentally demanding for me to find some way to put my bike, my lock, and the strange black thing in close enough proximity to one another to lock the three objects together, especially when everyone else on campus has arrived and already locked their ten-speeds to the weird black things. I know if I lock my bike anyplace else, the police will wander along, cut the lock, and take my bike to their children.

Even more likely than sapping our ponderous mental abilities, the black things are no doubt emitting evil forms of radioactive rays which permeate our bicycles all day (causing structural weaknesses, thus endangering the riders), and then permeate us as we ride our bikes around metropolitan Provo. This is a serious, serious problem, one that the University Police, any UFO specialist on campus, and the various publications at BYU should investigate.

No matter how dire their need (Mars needs bike racks, apparently), we Earthlings must defend our wholesome bike racks from the evil hands of imperialistic aliens.

—BENJAMIN WEEKLY

CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENT



STAFF NOTES

The Student Review Staff Persons of the Week this week are our ever amazing art and design staffs. Dave Bastian (special thanks to Fran for willingly letting him spend the time), John and Carrie Hamer, the Production staff, the various artists and photographers, the eagle eyes, steady hand and transportation provided by M. Spaff Sumsion, and every/anybody who helped make the layout and paste-up of last week's mighty-fine issue possible. May the Heavens forever smile broadly upon you and yours. And thank you, thank you kindly.



ART BY SHIRLEY IZQUIERDO

STREET EATS: A GUIDE TO FOOD FORAGING IN PROVO

by Suzanne Buck

A WHILE BACK I OUTLINED THE JOYS AND sorrows of living in some unorthodox housing ("On Really Living on Campus," SR, summer 1990), and I received a load of responses. Some were from furtive campus dwellers thanking me for the tips, but much more came from hungry students starving to death on ramen and frozen peas. I was shocked by the many cries of hunger and despair. Apparently, BYU students need to learn simple urban survival techniques.

FOOD IS EVERYWHERE. Provo is a land of plenty and no one—not even the most destitute grad student—need go begging. Then again, if you enjoy begging, who am I to mock you? Get some cardboard, a Magic Marker, and enough manual dexterity to print "STRANDED, WILL WORK FOR FOOD" in block letters. Smith's, Albertson's, and the University Mall are the most lucrative areas.) The streetwise student never feels hunger, even in times of severe financial distress.

1. *Campus fetes.* My brother Tim, who is something of a commando, maintains that you could kill wild kitties living around the dorms for meat. Assuming you are a bit more cosmopolitan, there are better ways to get your bread and butter. Go to the Wilky's information desk and read through the scheduled book, looking for ward dances, club get-togethers, and campus parties—all excellent suppliers of free food.

Especially note receptions—in Utah County these are typically big, crowded affairs with tons of extended family and food. You'll need formal wear, which you should be able to borrow, and a low-key attitude. Show up, mutter something about being a friend of the bride (or groom), pretend you know what you're doing, and you're almost guaranteed a free dinner. Really suave people could hit three or four receptions back-to-back during the month of June.

2. *Chez Albertson's.* Make sure to reserve Saturday mornings on your calendar—the play all major grocery stores give away food samples. Albertson's, on the diagonal, remains the primary choice for students "doing lunch": late 60s decor for your grazing pleasure and an easy sense of camaraderie ("Hey aren't you in my Book of Mormon class?"). A few notes to novice

grazers: (A) Don't pig out on any one item. It puts you under suspicion. (B) Plan on spending a good two hours—you will digest slower, fill up faster, and if the timing is right you can go back for seconds when the shift changes. (C) Despite popular rumors, the following items are not generally free samples: grapes, Brach's candy, bulk food, whole watermelons, raw meat.

3. *Dumpster diving.* All major fast food chains (Burger King, Wendy's, Taco Bell, etc.) must, by law, throw any extra food away at closing time. This policy initiated dumpster diving. Once prevalent, diving is becoming something of a lost art in Provo—nowadays one is lucky to find a stray cat going through the leavings at McDonald's. The big advantage: little or no competition.

The essence of diving is simple—wait for food to be tossed, and retrieve it for your dining enjoyment. Diving is commonly done in symbiotic pairs—a "lookout" and a "diver." One checks for trouble and the other bags the goods.

You and your partner should start around 12:45 a.m.—it's dark and the pickings are fresh. Wear dark clothes, stay out of the light, black your face—don't be seen.

Close in on target and wait for the food to be dumped. Then wait another 10 to 15 minutes, or until you feel ready to attempt a dive. DON'T RUSH THIS STEP! Remember, the food isn't going anywhere. The lookout moves into position first, finding an area where he/she can scout any movement and give the diver a boost. Once the lookout is in place, the diver moves, swiftly and fluidly, into position and vaults into the dumpster, aided by the lookout. (Seasoned divers are a joy to watch, graceful and nimble. In their day, the Muhlestein brothers could slip into a dumpster, ransack it, and run two blocks in about 30 seconds—but that's another story.)

Once you've found the edibles, RUN AWAY. Don't hang around scrounging for more, unless you are a professional or extremely foolhardy. Knowing when to leave is the hallmark of a prudent diving team. Besides, you should leave some for the cats.

4. *Natural treats.* Ah, the paradise that is campus! It amazes me that, among the thousands of students at BYU, only a handful know where the edible plants grow. Here are a few locations for fruits, vegetables, and herbs to get you started.

Apples: Big tree on the corner of Canyon Road and entrance to Helaman Halls. Beware the particularly anal-retentive R.A.'s patrolling the area.

Raspberries: Footpath starting at the corner of 800 N. 200 E. and ending near the JSB.

Spearmint: Grows wild along the "rape trail" south of campus.

Plums: Southwest campus, behind the Maeser building.

Dandelions: Anywhere there's grass. Make sure you wash them thoroughly in case of pesticides.

Sage: Anywhere dandelions don't grow. There's a big plot of sage across the street from the botany pond.

Currants: Profuse along the "rape trail."

Fresh veggies: Ever noticed how all the folks at Wymount Terrace have vegetable gardens? Draw your own conclusions here.

Sego Lilies: The pioneers survived on lily bulbs, and in a pinch so can you. The grounds crew plants sego lilies periodically on campus. Be careful when nabbing them—they're Utah's state flower.

5. *Cause disturbances.* The Cougar eat can be a depressing place when you don't have enough change for a courtesy cup, but it doesn't have to be. Students in the throes of extreme hunger have a number of options open to them.

The first and most common is the "fire drill." Alarms are located in several handy positions around the Wilk; they tend to cause extreme confusion and an urge to stampede. When the coast is clear, you may walk through at your leisure and take the taco salad of your choice into custody.

The "food fight," while not as sanitary as the "fire drill," can be an exuberant experience. It works best if you coerce a few friends to help. At the prearranged signal, grab a plate and hurl it with all your might. Your friends will help spread the frenzy; soon people will be flinging food as though there were no tomorrow. In the thick of the melee, help yourself to whatever looks tasty.

A time-honored favorite is the celebrity scream. Sit and pretend to do homework for a few minutes. Then, without warning, stand up and gesture wildly, screeching, "Oh my HECK, it's Elvis Presley with a Navajo taco!" This brings results similar to the "fire drill," but is not recommended for the terminally shy or fainthearted.

The hit and run method is not to be attempted, unless you are so hungry you're thinking of eating your shoes. Note that, though the Dining Room closes early, the food is left lying about unguarded. Send a few dirty notes down the Cougar eat dish conveyor. While they're out looking for you, walk in and, without pausing to consider the folly of BYU's ways, serve yourself. Repeat as necessary.

Then there is, of course, the "bomb threat." Though this particular disturbance is highly effective, it is not advised due to its immoderately criminal nature.

6. *A friend in need...* Yes, you can always scrounge off your friends, but only as a last resort. In the end, you wind up both hungry and friendless. A solution: work out a barter/exchange system where you run errands, type, shop, or do the laundry in exchange for a square meal.

Charles (name changed to protect the innocent) had no money, no food, no job, and no place to stay. Friends made him a room out of an old tool shed in their backyard and fed him regularly. In exchange, he kept the house spotless. The situation was ideal for both parties—Charles had his own room and never went hungry, and the other roommates had a live-in valet. It worked perfectly until somebody told the landlord.

DON'T PULL ANY OF THE FOLLOWING STUNTS. They are decidedly counterproductive and will only cause you shame and degradation.

Aside from the occasional "hit-and-run" method, the five finger discount isn't worth the trouble. Even if you are successful, it's unlikely you could rip off enough food to sustain yourself. If you're caught, a night or two in the can will effectively disrupt your studies.

Skip any thoughts of cannibalism. I don't care how annoying your roommate is—he doesn't deserve to be eaten. Consider how many Twinkies he's consumed in his lifetime; by now he probably has more preservatives than the average Egyptian mummy. He'll taste terrible.

Finally, no matter how hungry you get, don't consider suicide. When you're dead, people will talk about you and laugh, and you won't be able to do anything about it.

Good luck, and *bon appetit!* Δ



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BYU ANNOUNCES NEW Y-BE FAT PROGRAM

by Matthew Workman

MOST STUDENTS AGREE THAT WEIGHT CONTROL and exercise have become increasingly prevalent in their lifestyles. However, few know how to effectively combat this disturbing trend. In response to student demand, the BYU Physical Education department has launched the "Y Be Fat" program.

"This is an exciting program that we hope will help a lot of people. I can't think of any other major university that has a program like this!" related Franklin Plahnur, graduate director of "Y Be Fat."

At a fatness seminar last week, Plahnur encouraged everyone to enroll in the department's new "Fatness for Life" class.

"This course will give students motivation as well as all the tools they will need to achieve the state of fatness they desire," Plahnur said.

For a \$20 course fee, students will receive the following:

- A computerized listing of the 20 most fattening foods on sale at the Twilight Zone convenience store. The list will be updated weekly.
- Unlimited dining privileges at the Cougar eat and Candy Jar. Students will soon be able to use the new "Signature Card" system for free privileges.
- A set of Ruben's finest fat nudes prints.

"We may have to paint some clothes on the women," Plahnur said, "but we certainly want students to have access to these famous examples of beautiful obesity."

The course will also trace the lives of such famous portly persons as King Henry VIII and President William Howard Taft.

While the program is only a few days old, Plahnur is already looking to the future: "We hope to have an intensive weight gain program, an honors class which would involve relocating the students to Helaman Halls and having them dine exclusively at the Cannon Center."

"We also plan to have F-lots installed by next semester," he continued. F-lots will replace much of the existing A-lot parking on campus. Students enrolled in Fatness for Life will receive F-lot permits. "We don't want our students walking to class and burning off all the weight they just gained," Plahnur explained.

"We're trying to teach fatness not just as a course, but as a way of life," stated Plahnur. "Hopefully, students will use the things they learn here even after the class is over."

The course text, *More of You to Love: An Individualized Weight Increase Program*, is now available at the bookstore.Δ

TOP 20

1. Cherokee Chief Wilma Mankiller
2. free lunch
3. Don Quixote
4. volcanic sunsets
5. Granny Smith apple pies
6. sandalwood
7. freshman girls
8. cowboy parties
9. Tom "Give 'em Hell" Harkin
10. iguanas
11. "Involvement" Week
12. silent movies in the ELWC
13. ankles
14. power outages
15. old tacky couches on front porches
16. mechanical engineers
17. concerts in the park
18. buffalo jerky
19. pain and suffering
20. Crunch Berries

BOTTOM 10

Early midterms, R-lots, goofy Mormon expletives, new bike racks, UDOT construction, Cannon Center compost pile, "Studs" moved to 1 a.m., overweight people in spandex, losing your earrings, guys who salivate over Victoria's Secret catalogs.

EAVESDROPPINGS

**SEPTEMBER 20, 9:55 A.M.,
NEAR HELAMAN HALLS**

Worried Freshman: I hope they don't kick me out of the dorms just for B.A.'ing out my window.
Reassuring Friend: Well, what about those guys they told us about who got caught smoking.

Remember? They weren't kicked out because somehow it came out to be a spiritual experience.
Worried Freshman: Man, I hope they thought my B.A. was a spiritual experience.

SEPTEMBER 18, 12:34 P.M., TACO SALAD LINE

Non-descript female: How did your jaw get swollen?
Non-descript male: I was chewing wheat at the Bishop's Storehouse last night.
N.F.: Raw wheat?
N.M.: I heard it was good.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1:42 P.M., THE NEW JSB

Uptight R.M.: I don't like the *Student Review* because they criticize things and they're wrong.

SEPTEMBER 19, 10:02 A.M., OUTSIDE JKHB

Female to roommate: When it comes to meeting guys, Ivy Tower is the best bet for your money.

SEPTEMBER 21, 10:00 A.M., EAST LOUNGE ELWC

R.M. to Concerned Crowd: I'm poor. Loaned my last dollar to my roommate so he could make dinner for some girl he had a vision about.

CLARIFICATIONS

Clarification: "Golden Questions," the latest MTC-published proselyting tract, erroneously lists the three "universal questions of humankind" as *Where did I come from?*, *Why am I here?*, and *Where's Waldo?* The confusion is probably due to the recent Deseret Book publication *I Spy a Nephite*. The third golden question, of course, should be *Will you marry me?* Pat Bagley regrets the error.

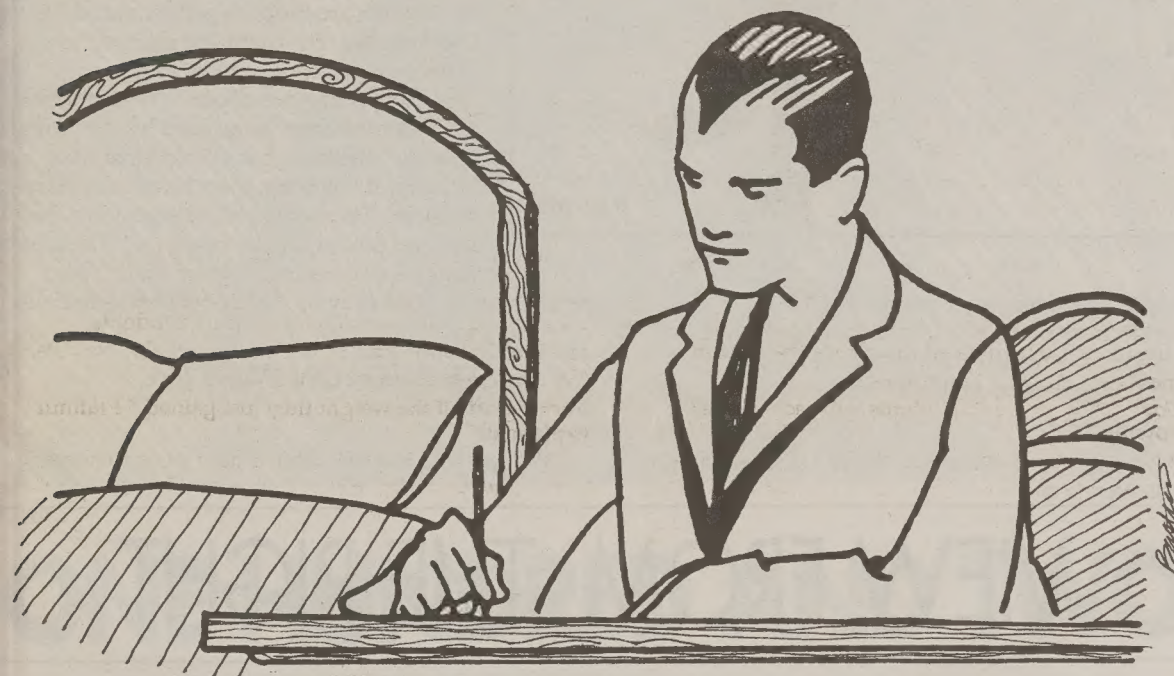
Clarification: Despite reports to the contrary, the campus emergency telephone number is still 911. "We have been getting a whole bunch of misdialed calls," said University Police Operator Mike Wormer, "so we considered changing the emergency line to something like 378-OUCH." Unfortunately, that telephone number is already assigned to

Helaman Halls residents, who are relatively inexperienced in crisis response. Wormer regrets the error.

Clarification: The recent comment from Salt Lake County geologist Craig Nelson that "the Wasatch Front probably has one of the greatest concentrations of geological hazards in the United States" has prompted the Utah Historical Society to release the following statement: "When Brigham Young announced that 'this is the place,' he was undoubtedly not referring to the entire Wasatch Front. In fact, he may not have meant the whole Salt Lake Valley, and could have been referring only to that portion of Emigration Canyon now occupied by Hogle Zoo." President Young regrets the error.

Clarification: According to a memorandum from the ASB, "The word *legacy* should no longer be used in connection with BYU's homecoming activities, due to its association with a local gay support group." *Tradition*, says the memo, is the better word choice. "We will not draw attention to this change, as we do not wish to be seen as homophobes," it continues. "Homophobia is almost as frightening as homosexuality." The Homecoming Committee regrets the confusion.

Clarification: Even though BYU already has a Joseph Smith Memorial Building, the new Religious Education edifice will be given that same name. It will not be named the "Ty Detmer Building." The athletic department regrets the error. Δ
—Compiled by M. Spaff Sumsion



DIARY OF A FRESHMAN, PART II.

The continuing adventures of our anonymous freshman and his newly-engaged roommate, Heber, last heard from in our September 18 issue.

SEPTEMBER 16

Tonight, at Heber's request, we push our beds together so Heber can practice sticking to his own side. I don't get much sleep, but heck, how many times does your roommate get married?

SEPTEMBER 17

The Big Day. Although (owing to the haste of the decision) most people won't get their invitations until tomorrow or the next day, a fairly good crowd has gathered to wish the happy couple well. Heber and Kathy completely ignore me. This pleases me greatly because I realize that this is their way of expressing their complete confidence in my ushering abilities. The ceremony begins. "Does anyone have any objections?" asks Kathy's bishop. "Yes," cries a middle-aged man from Southern Utah. All eyes and ears turn to him. "Yes," he repeats. "I'm Heber's bishop and I object to this marriage because Heber hasn't served a full-time mission." Cries of "He's right!" "Oh my heck!" and "Oh what a wicked animal stands before us!" pervade

the chapel. Stricken with stormy tears, Heber bolts.

SEPTEMBER 18

Oh, what dreadful times. Heber is missing and all sorts of loathsome rumors are going around the dorm. Heber and Kathy used to soul kiss, so temple marriage was never really in the cards, they say. The man who showed Heber up was not really his bishop, but one of the Three Nephites, they say. If you spell Heber backwards, it spells Antichrist. Such wicked backbiting!

SEPTEMBER 20

Big H, Big H, where art thou Big H? I am so very lonely. I need a drink.

SEPTEMBER 23

The posters are up all over campus. Heber's beaming face, sandwiched between the caption "THIS MAN SHOULD BE ON A MISSION—PLEASE FIND HIM," just won't leave my mind. As I lie, alone and lost, in the makeshift double bed, I think of Heber and wonder where he is. Δ
Stay tuned.

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TAKING IT TO THE STREETS

UTAHNS PROTEST BUSH IN DROVES

by Heather T. Harman and Matthew Stannard

NO ONE EXPECTED GEORGE HERBERT Walker Bush to look out of his hotel window, see the mass of demonstrators below, and suddenly change his ways. But that didn't stop them from letting him know they were there. Salt Lake City had never seen anything like the evening of September 18th.

The *Herald* later reported a police estimate of about 600 people. KUTV put the number at around a thousand. Actually, there were between 1500 and 2000 protesters gathered on an entire city block that night, and they all had something to say.

After walking around the corner from the parking lot (\$3.00; presumably special protest rates), we suddenly realize just how big this thing is. The signs—hundreds of them, waving messages as diverse as life, all sharing one thing in common: contempt for a man who supposedly has the highest approval rating in presidential history.

KINDER, GENTLER HITLER!

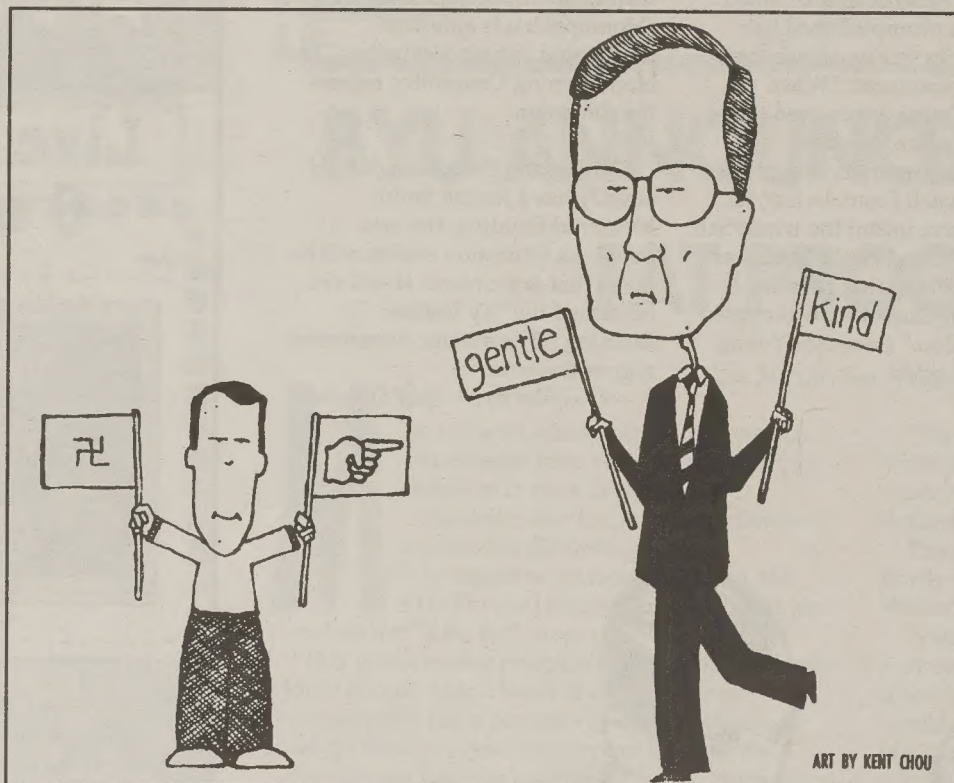
BUSH IS A PIG!

NEW WORLD ORDER? SAME OLD SLAUGHTER!

And so on. The din of the crowd becomes a roar as we get closer, passing the hotel and the barricades in front of it. From behind the line of cops a few curious onlookers survey the dozens of sign-bearers who dare confront the police line.

"Why are you protesting?" asks a reporter.

"You've got to do more than vote," a young man replies.



"Take to the streets. Elections won't change anything."

"No protesters in front of the hotel," yells a balding, well-dressed security guard. A verbal clash commences, threatening to get ugly, then becoming absurd. Police tell the protesters their permit is only for the other side of the street.

"You can't carry your signs here!" So twenty protesters drop their signs and start across the street.

"Listen," a cop says, blocking their way. "People have paid good money to eat with the President tonight..."

We ask one officer: "Why are you restricting the movement of the protesters?" He looks at us incredulously. "Because we want to," he laughs.

On the other side of the street, all the grippers, moaners, complainers, and radicals convene. There are several hundred pro-choice demonstrators chanting. "Not the church/not the state/women will decide our fate!" "A woman should have her options known," says a tiny, twenty-one-year-old redhead. "Bush wants to put a gag order on that!"

"Women are the ones getting nailed," says another lady. The chant has changed to "Utah is a pro-choice state!"

No way. Utah pro-choice? "It's incredible," a KTVX newsman, astounded by the turnout, tells us. "The issue has stayed alive since January. If anything, there have been more converts. The next legislative session...they may get nothing if this keeps up." The coat hangers are waving. "Never again," the protesters chant. "Never again." Members of the Socialist

SEE BUSH ON PAGE 8

THE OPINION DEBATE WRITING CONTEST

Twenty-five dollars each will be awarded to the best essays on both sides of the question:

"WAS THE GULF WAR WORTH IT?"

Last January, George Bush and the United Nations decided to invade Iraq and liberate Kuwait, a decision made amidst both widespread opposition and popular support. Can we more easily judge this decision in retrospect? Perhaps we can. *Student Review* will print the best essays "for" and "against" the Gulf War, and award both writers \$25.00. Essays should be opinionated, have sufficient factual support, and be well-written. They may be of any style or approach.

RULES:

1) Essays should be double-spaced typewritten and should not exceed twelve hundred (1200) words.

2) Essays should address the question "Was the Gulf War worth it?" and may do so from whatever angles the writer prefers (political, economic, moral, spiritual, etc.) Theses should clearly define what position the essay will take.

3) Essays should be submitted with a separate cover sheet giving the writer's name, local address, telephone number, age and major, along with a statement giving *Student Review* permission to publish the essay. No name ought to appear on any page of the actual body of the essay.

4) Deadline for submission is October 30th, 1991. Essays may be mailed to SR at P.O. Box 7092, Provo, Utah 84602; or may be dropped in the SR drop box in 1102a JKHB, by 5:00 PM on October 30th. In either case, please indicate that item is an entry in "Opinion Debate Contest."

5) Two prizes of twenty-five dollars will be awarded: one for the best essay arguing for the war, one for the best essay arguing against the war.

6) Eligibility: Contest is open to students (undergraduate or graduate) of Brigham Young University or Utah Valley Community College. Contest is prohibited to any staff member of *Student Review* or the relative of any staff member of *Student Review*.

MAIL ESSAYS TO:

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OR DROP THEM OFF AT THE SR DROP BOX IN 1102a JKHB

DEADLINE: OCTOBER 30TH, 1991—5:00 PM

VIEW FROM THE RIGHT

FIGHT BACK, BOY SCOUTS

by Michael Mitton

ATHEISTS. GAYS. BOY SCOUTS. Do these three really fit together?

For those who do not know what I am talking about, the Boy Scouts of America has a policy against both atheists and gays.

Now cries of discrimination are being raised and various people and organizations are trying different methods to force the BSA to accommodate atheists and gays.

An integral part of the BSA is religion. While they do not care about your denomination, they do find it imperative that you hold faith in some god. If the BSA were to allow and thus condone atheism, it would be compromising one of the very cornerstones upon which it was founded.

Heterosexuality is yet another moral principle that the BSA teaches. And, if I may speak

frankly about my own feelings for a moment, the prospect of spending a week in the Three Sisters Wilderness sharing a tent with someone of the same sex who finds me attractive is not something I would enjoy.

So yes, the integrity of the institution would be compromised.

Now, each side is claiming a "right" to this or that. The atheists, et al, are claiming the right to be part of a truly great institution. The BSA is claiming the right to run their organization according to their moral principles. But there is a difference between these claims.

Each person, from the Grand Poobah of the Boy Scouts down to the youngest Tenderfoot, has been building an organization consistent with religion, and the atheists and gays are claiming the right to tear it down. Because these Boy Scouts have been spending their lives

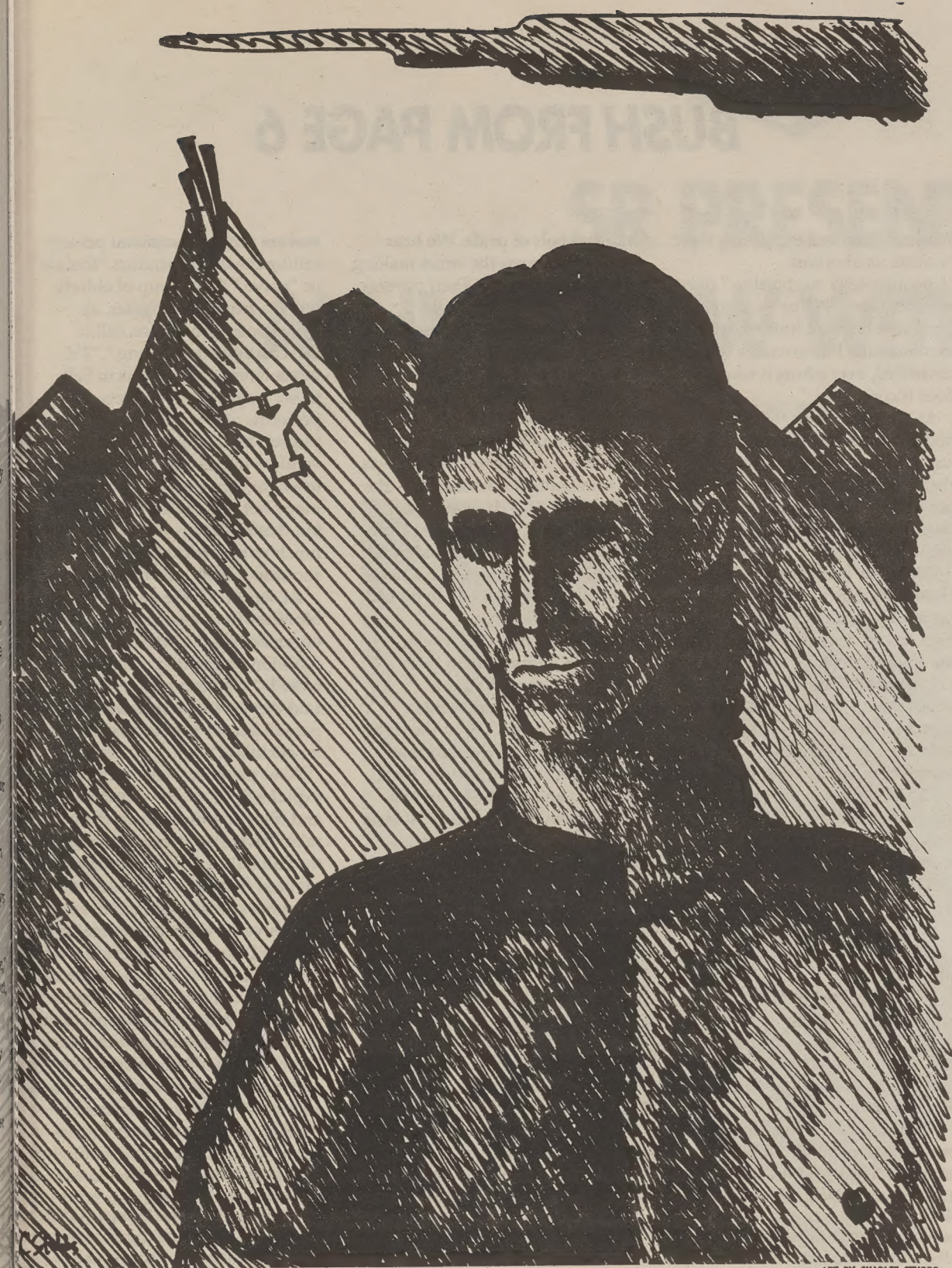
creating this institution, when these other groups claim the right to tear it down, they are, in essence, claiming the right to the lives of these Boy Scouts.

There is, of course, one very simple thing an atheist or homosexual may do if he is intent on joining the BSA: he may subscribe to the values that make the BSA what it is.

Moreover, the BSA is as private an organization as your own family; it is not run by the government, and it is therefore private. Atheists and gays are claiming the right to dictate policy in a private organization, but they have no such right.

The BSA is essentially claiming

**SEE BOY SCOUTS
ON PAGE 15**



ART BY CHARLES STUBBS

ONE HUNDRED AND TWO PERCENT

by Robert Fox

I'VE HEARD THAT 98 PERCENT OF BYU students are Caucasian. I have walked across campus, sat in crowded classrooms and cafeterias, slept in on-campus housing, and I can testify that the statistic is correct.

I am not Caucasian. I am a Native American Indian.

Having attended elementary school in Utah, I am familiar with the feeling of being a minority. In many ways, my first week at BYU reminded me of my days in elementary school; as before, I have had to reconcile two important parts of my life: my status as a minority and my status as a student.

On the first day of second grade my teacher (fittingly named Mrs. White) had each student stand up and say something about him or herself. When my turn came I stood straight up and said, "I am Robert Fox. I am an Indian." My classmates were silent.

During recess the inquisition began. "Do you sleep in a tepee?" (No!) "Can you shoot a bow and arrow?" (No!) "Do you hunt?" (No!) "Where are your feathers?" (I do not have any.) And finally: "You look like one of us." (I am one of you.) By the end of the day I was playing tether ball and four-square and chasing girls just like everyone else. But I was still Robert Fox, an Indian.

Today I am rarely given the opportunity to proclaim my ancestry verbally, but I proclaim it in other ways. I wear a t-shirt with a bull skull and other native designs on it. I have a poster of a proud chief in full headdress. I receive money from my tribe—the Blood Tribe. When asked about these details, I confess that, indeed, I am Robert Fox, an Indian.

Though many things have changed since elementary school, the questions and comments remain. "Did you know you can be

accepted to any school you want?" (Yes.) "Do you get a lot of money from BYU?" (No.) "Your skin is white." (Watermelon rinds are green, but the inside is still red.) "Did you live on a reservation?" (Yes.) "Is your dad an alcoholic?" (No; is yours?) The inquisition focuses on my future, my past, my skin. By the end of the first week of school I was standing in line to buy books and football tickets and to get my ID card. The card says I am a student at Brigham Young University. It also says that I am Robert Fox, an Indian.

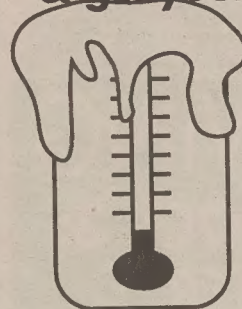
In grade school I always sang the National Anthem loudly. I still sing it today, never forgetting Manifest Destiny and the massacre at Wounded Knee. I can use the same type of Orwellian "doublethink" to reconcile, at least for the present, the fact that I am one of 30,000 students at BYU and one of the two percent who is not Caucasian. I am Robert Fox, an Indian. Δ

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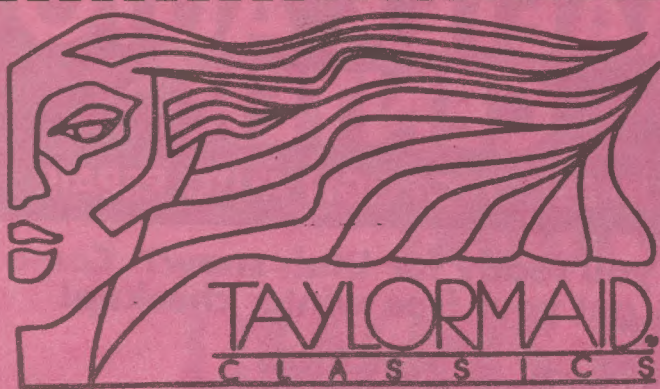
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BUSH FROM PAGE 6

Workers Party are explaining their position on abortion. "Unequivocally supportive," one member says. "We're the only party that believes [this right] is fundamental. If a woman's body is controlled, everything a woman does is controlled."

As we walk down the street, we find ourselves in the midst of a few hundred environmentalists chanting the clever "We want trees, not Bush." A man waves a sign that says "Utah and the BLM would sell their mothers."

Robin Huffman, teacher at Hunter High School of West Valley introduces us to her "Alpine Club," high school students committed to the environment. They have about 120 members. The administration doesn't mind them protesting, she says, but they'd rather the kids didn't tell us their names. The kids begin shouting out their names.

The environmentalists might be the most peaceful of the crowd, sitting on the curb singing about trees and animals. "I like trees too," one cop tells us. "I may just take off my uniform and join these guys."

**SAVE OUR EARTH!
WHAT "ENVIRONMENTAL"
PRESIDENT?**

It's getting harder to move around now, but people let us through. A group of solemn men and women march by carrying a black coffin and a sign: "Victims of anti-queer violence."

"Victims of carrying this thing," one pallbearer jokes. We've emerged in the middle of the gay and lesbian protest. Surprisingly (for those who thought the ten percent statistic didn't apply in Utah) there are about a hundred of "them," except they are "us" and want everyone to know. They chant, "We're here, we're queer, we're fabulous, get used to us," turning all the old degrading terms

into symbols of pride. We hear some kids across the street making fun of the "queers." Their parents tell them to hush up.

"Bush has been stagnant on everything," says an AIDS activist. "His apathy on AIDS represents his lack of response to every pressing issue." Rocky O'Donovan, who says he was kicked out of BYU in 1978 ("I was an unrepentant homosexual—the worst kind.") is circulating a petition to get a drag queen from San Francisco on the presidential ballot. He insists we use his name and tells us to say hello to his old friends at Standards.

Protesters are everywhere, united in little else than their dislike of George and the conservatism he represents. Conservatism isn't even the right word, said a well-dressed man carrying a sign that reads "Small business against Bush" on one side. The other side reads "Russia is free. Now let's free America. Register and vote against conservative hardliners." He says that "Salt Lake small businesses hate Bush. He's for big business, against personal liberties."

A businessman observing the protest agrees. He's attending a convention in Salt Lake, and his schedule has frequently coincided with Bush. "It seems like every place he goes there's a protest of some sort."

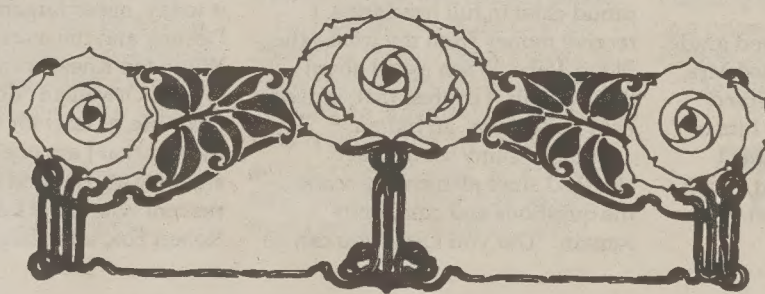
Despite several verbal clashes between police and demonstrators, the protest remains peaceful, though loud (hundreds bang drums throughout the evening) and at times harsh (a flag is burned, which many protesters don't appreciate). Cars passing by honk wildly, most showing "thumbs up" approval. We search in vain for counterdemonstrators, finding only a few curiosity

seekers and an occasional person calling the demonstrators "foolish" or "naive." One group of elderly women from Los Angeles, all vehemently pro-choice, call it "fascinating and exciting." "I'd never have expected this in Salt Lake," says one. A magician performs on the hotel street corner, pleased by the turnout. Hot dog vendors tell us that businessmen in town for conventions eat twice as many hot dogs as demonstrators, but that the latter drink twice as much pop. "Probably because they shout so much," one offers.

At eight P.M. the permit expires. Monitors in orange jackets, organized by the pro-choice coalition, began dispersing the crowd. "We need to go home," one said through a megaphone. "Our parade permit has run out. We no longer exist."

"Our purpose," another monitor explained, "is to prevent violence and fines and to continue the good relations we've always had with the Salt Lake police." Then she excused herself to continue the dispersal. As we watched the once explosive crowd become smaller, the Salt Lake streets revert to their quiet, peaceful norm, we began to wonder what this was all about.

Perhaps it is useless to speculate. But for several hours, the center of Utah seemed intent on asserting its emerging progressive, free-spirited autonomy. This was no return to the 60s; now that decades festive unity had met 90s organizational behavior. Fifteen hundred to two thousand demonstrators is not minor, disaffected whining. At the very least, Utah's ruling elite may begin to realize that the recent trend against the GOP is no fluke. The times they are a' changing. Maybe. Δ



SR PRESENTS:

AN INTERVIEW WITH MIKE RAY

by Steve Gibson

ON JULY 19, *STUDENT Review* got together with Mike Ray, who will be co-President (along with Pamela Stokes) of the Black Student Association for Fall Semester of 1991.

Student Review: Lately, on college campuses throughout the country, there has been a focus on multiculturalism, on diversity, and on appreciating minority writers of all persuasions. What are some of your feelings about that, and do you think that is something BYU could grow from?

Mike Ray: I guess if I could put it in a nutshell, I think that is what the Black Student Association is all about. That's what we hope to do. We want to create that rainbow-type effect or the multi-cultural effect. The tossed salad, as some people call it. We want to bring people together and break down all the barriers, and for people to say, "I know you. I accept you and respect you for who you are. And even though you are different from me, we can still live together in harmony. We can work together." That's what we want to do: break down those stereotypical barriers. Hopefully, by having people who are not black come into the club, we will be able to reach parts of the college community that in the past we have been unable to reach so that educational process will take place.

We recognize that people grow up in different parts of the country and that people come to BYU with different philosophies and ways of life. And what we are hoping to do this year is help people overcome those stereotypes that they may have learned all their lives and help them recognize that we are all people. And that as we come together as a group of people and recognize our differences and accept each other, then we can accomplish a lot of things.

You mentioned that across college campuses in America, the issue is diversity, the issue is multiculturalism. I think that's a big issue we must address, not only as a college community, but as a church as well. As we continue to become a worldwide church, we must break down the barriers that we've had about other cultures. You know, the Chinese are this way, or the Africans are this way. And we must recognize them for who they are and accept their culture. That is what we are trying to do as a club this year.

SR: What are some of the differences and similarities between the Black Student Association and other student



organizations on campus?

MR: I think that all our goals are pretty much the same. All of our goals fall under BYUSA's goals, which are, of course, education and service to the college community as well as to the community at large. Also, the Black Student Association is sort of a haven, I think, for many of the black students who come to BYU so that they will have a place to go and feel support, both academically and socially. Another thing we want to do as a club this year is to educate the college community concerning the black students at BYU as well as Black America.

SR: How do you plan to do that?

MR: One of the things that we are planning on doing is, hopefully, each month throughout the year having a speaker from a different area, whether it be business or law or English or poetry, or whatever, and bring

them to BYU. This will allow the public as well as the college community to recognize that blacks are not only athletes, but also that they've made progress in academia as well as business.

SR: Are there some typical problems that black students run into as they attend BYU?

MR: If there is a typical problem that blacks run into it is that of categorization: all blacks are great athletes, all blacks are great dancers.

SR: Do you have a black faculty advisor? Is that something you really need?

MR: No, I don't think that it really even matters because the club is not specifically a black club. Anyone can join the Black Student Association, and that's the way we want it. We have an open door policy so that anyone can come that is interested in learning about Black America. And hopefully,

through that process of interaction, we will be able to have an effect throughout the college community, with each black student being recognized as unique, hopefully breaking down the stereotypical barriers that have existed in the past.

SR: How many members do you typically have in a semester? Does it vary?

MR: It varies a lot. Actually, we don't have an actual count of how many black students are on campus because of the simple fact that when you register for BYU noting race is not required. And some people mark the black box just for a joke. So we don't really have an accurate count of how many black students are on campus. But, on an average through the year, we have about 46 members who are active.

SR: How is BYU perceived by non-LDS blacks?

MR: Many of the blacks, I guess, that are not members of the Church, they are very much a minority, and they feel like maybe the campus doesn't take the opportunity to recognize who they are. Usually they do get recognition if they play football. But other than that, if they are on campus for any other reason, they don't feel like they get recognition as a student. They get lost in the crowd, so to speak.

SR: So, not only do they feel "lost in the crowd" because they are of a different faith but also because they are such a minority?

MR: Right.

SR: What do you think are some the things BYU can do as a school to help be a little more accessible to people who aren't of the majority, either religiously or as far as their race?

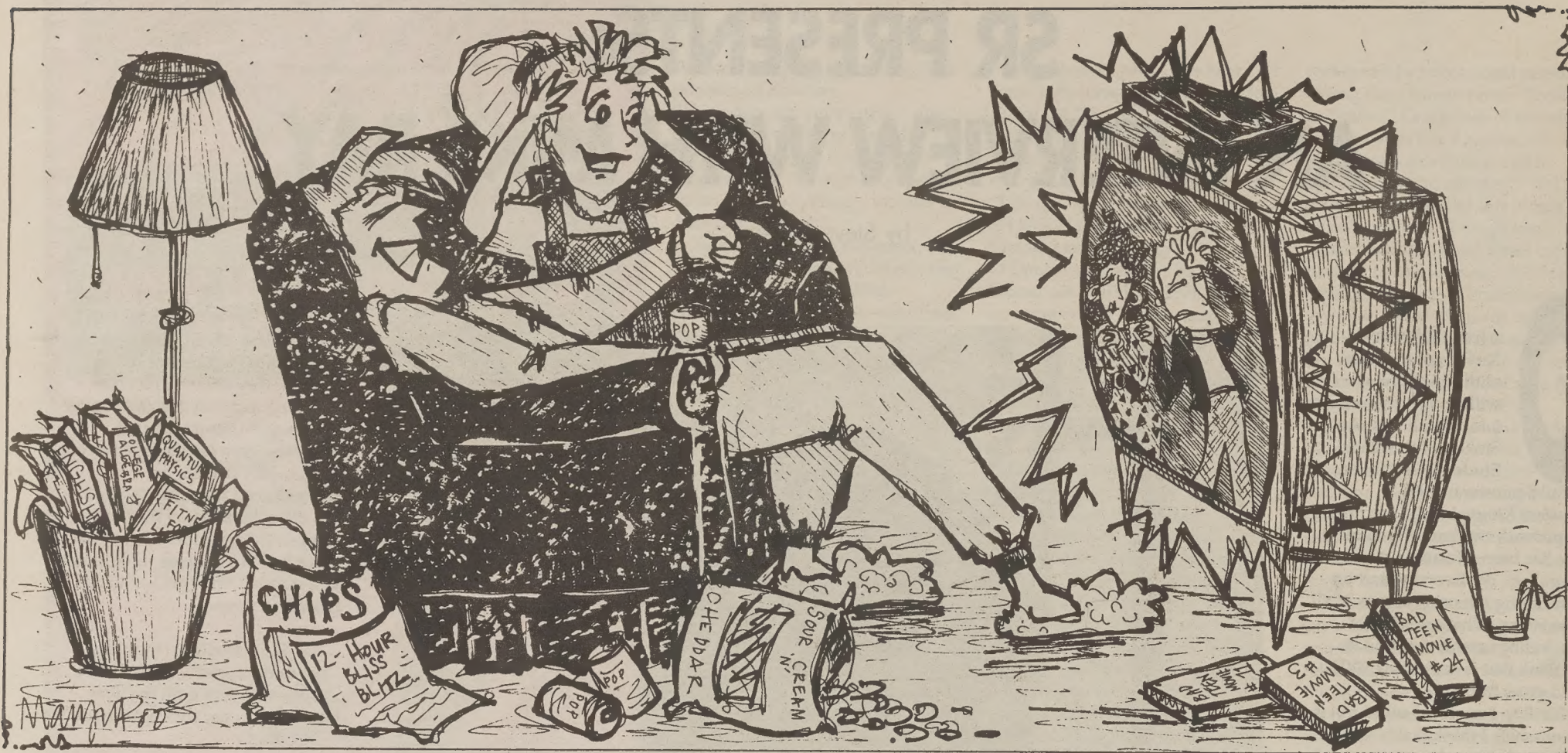
MR: Well actually, I don't know if the university can do anything except be sensitive to the feelings of these individuals. The university does go to the extent that they don't require [non-LDS students] to have an ecclesiastical endorsement. They are, of course, counseled to attend their own services.

I think that the university is making great steps in making the black students at BYU feel very comfortable. I know that they are looking at starting up a minority recruiting program here at the Y, which I think is great. And from what I understand they are projecting really high figures as far as recruitment is concerned in the near future.

SR: Are there a lot of international students in BSA?

MR: Pamela and I sat down and talked about that. And we wanted to bring in not only American blacks but also people from the Caribbean, Ghana—people coming from different cultures and backgrounds. And we're beginning to understand that we're all different. We may share the same skin color, but when we come down to it, our viewpoints in life and our ideologies are totally different. And so it's an educational process, not only within the club, but outside the club, as well. Δ

The Black Student Association meets every second and fourth Tuesday at 7:30 in the ELWC Step Down Lounge.



ART BY MARYN ROOS

12-HOUR BLISS BLITZ

by Rebecca Butler

IF YOU'RE LIKE ME, YOUR LIFE IS A continuous sprint through class, work, meetings, and study sessions. You may find that your social life consists mainly of napping and the occasional trip to the grocery store. You have a reserved desk at the testing center. You unconsciously make esoteric literary jokes and answer the phone in Chaucerian Middle English. You don't really eat much unless a sudden fainting spell reminds you to. You don't even notice that your roommate has recently become a huge Debbie Boone fan. You are immersed in academia, and you need a break. This is when a foolproof 12-hour rejuvenation/relaxation experience is most useful.

Before you begin relaxing,

assemble these essential items: cable television, several two-liter bottles of Dr. Pepper, sour cream'n'cheddar potato chips, a sibling or roommate, and several cheesy early-80s teen flicks. (I recommend *Pretty in Pink* or *Can't Buy Me Love*.)

Begin your day o' fun with the chips and *This Old House*. For those of you not familiar with public television, *This Old House* is an amazing program where this middle-aged-handyman type runs around the country finding old houses and refurbishing them. (Unfortunately, he is also a Sears lawnmower spokesperson, but we can overlook this indiscretion.) It's a great show. There's something about watching a debilitated Victorian manor turn into a yuppie haven that makes one feel cozy.

Once you've watched the show

and consumed the food of the gods (sour cream'n'cheddar chips), you can move on to the next step: mockery. Put in the teen flick, open the Dr. Pepper, and destroy the movie. I like to stick with three categories: belittling the acting, trashing on the "plot," and making fun of teenage angst in general. The latter category is especially nice because (hopefully) you are out of the oh-so-painful adolescent stage. Having a sibling or roommate around for this portion is twice the fun. There now, don't you feel better? No matter how lousy your life may be, at least you're not Anthony Michael Hall.

Although your day so far has been sedentary, it is time now to actually leave the apartment/dorm and enter the exterior

world. Don't be alarmed; this will not require much effort, and it is the perfect ending to your bliss-fest. We like to call this next activity "open season on mall chicks." If you have access to a car, driving to Salt Lake City's mall-or-rama is really your best bet. If not, hop a bus to University Mall or even Shopko. Then pick your victims. They're very easy to spot: excessively BIG hair, an unfortunately heavy layer of makeup, lots of jewelry, a Bel Biv Devoe t-shirt, and fringed boots. Being the cerebral college student that you are, you can have loads of fun with mall chicks. The underlying idea here is provocation. Calling them "capitalist larvae" is always a keen way to start. They, of course, get confused at the polysyllabic phrase

and come back with something akin to, "Ya better watchit." Cringing in mock fear is a good way to get the girls in a tizzy at this point. Continue the fun by checking their bouffants for parasites. Taunt them with comments about low achievement test scores. Threaten to steal their AquaNet. Then leave the mall before their mothers drive up.

This completes your day of relaxation and zany fun. You may think that it was merely 12 hours of complete immaturity. But it felt good, didn't it? You felt powerful, right? For one day, you were in control of your surroundings, right? Of course, it was at the expense of others, but you feel so right, so peaceful, that it was darn worth it. Δ

Rebecca refuses to eat cold cereal. Ever.

FRONT 242—MUSIC THAT HATES PEOPLE

by Daniel Midgley

INDUSTRIAL MUSIC FANS HAVE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO THE musical brutality of Front 242, and the band's latest album, *Tyranny (For You)*, does not disappoint. After all, with ten-plus years in the business, you could imagine that they'd have built quite an arsenal of mechanical scratchy noises, smooth washes of sound, and human screams. And they know how to use them for maximum abrasive effect.

But don't get the idea that "abrasive" means an hour of pummeling; this time it's passive aggression. *Tyranny (For You)* has a sort of calm that's missing in other 242-a

brooding, edgy calm that you can feel seething under the surface. The tone is still that of unmistakable menace, as on "Trigger 2," with the heavy bass and animal noises. But even the fastest song, "Soul Manager" (and Front 242 follows the courteous custom of printing the beats-per-minute in the liner notes), has a smoothness floating along the speed, just like an engine racing furiously down the freeway when all inside the car is warm and tranquil.

It's no coincidence, then, that this 242 disc goes well at high speeds and volumes. The tension is strangely relaxing in a car.

Some of the best efforts include "Rhythm of Time," with its thin-lipped hope for the future of the human race couching in uncertainty, and "Tragedy (For You)" (not a Bee Gees cover), which is the most bitter love song they've done since "Lovely Day" a few years back.

Tyranny (For You) might be a tad slow for hardcore industrialists who are used to, say, Ministry, but it all comes out sounding anathematic, crushing and edgy. In other words, it's Front 242 sounding the best and most together I've heard them sound in years. Δ

THINKING ABOUT FILM

by David Laraway

SINCE ITS RELEASE IN 1941, *Citizen Kane* has occupied a unique place in the pantheon of American film. Its masterful screenplay (for which it won an Academy Award), Gregg Toland's cinematographic innovations, and Orson Welles' skillful direction set industry standards which have still not been eclipsed. But I think much of the enduring appeal of the film can be attributed to the philosophical depth of the production itself; some of the intellectual problems it raised 50 years ago have a decidedly contemporary, even post-modern, feel to us today.

From the outset, *Citizen Kane* is a film that seems to invite us—together with Thompson, a reporter in the film—to discover the mystery of newspaper tycoon Charles Kane. We are guided in this search by a simple premise: Kane's last, dying word—"Rosebud"—provides us with a key to unlock the complexities of his character. We are tempted to enter into the film, hoping to reconstruct enough of Kane's life to discover who he really was at the bottom.

But Welles, the director, complicates the task for us almost from the beginning. We do not find in the film a singular narrative history of Charles Kane, if by "history" we mean "the events as they really transpired." We are given no God's-eye view of Kane's life; instead, we go from one character to another, watching as their recollections of Kane are given to us as actual historical occurrences, rather than as mere interpretations of those events.

From Thatcher's flashback, for example, we see Kane as boyish and immature, rebelling against his guardian and mentor from the beginning, later trying to do him in through his irresponsible approach to business. Other characters reveal Kane in different lights. In Bernstein's account, he emerges as a man of tireless (although sometimes misguided) enthusiasm, deserving of loyalty and, in the end, a fitting subject for both pity and reverence. Susan Alexander reveals him as a tyrant, heartless and materialistic in spite of himself; Jed Leland shows us his cynicism, and so on.

It is tempting to try to reconcile these differing accounts into one consistent, coherent whole. But I think that such an attempt may be wrong-headed. We should recognize that the recollections we are given of Kane provide us with access to the events themselves, as they transpired. The events in Kane's life are meaningful *as* events, not as an expression of some underlying meaning that all the events somehow share. This view challenges the idea that the different narratives give us a "body of evidence" from which to extract an objective and comprehensive history of Kane. Rather than serve as the raw data from which "the real Kane" emerges as a synthesis, the narratives given by Susan, Bernstein, and the rest reveal to us the multi-layered, ambiguous persona of Charles Kane and provide no independent standard for us to judge between them. By giving us a "testimonial" biography of Kane, Wells seems to be asking us to stop trying to reduce him to a simple character-type that we can somehow "figure out." By ridding

ourselves of the idea that the film portrays (or intends to portray) Kane's history as a unified, comprehensive whole, we can also dispense with attempts to pull out any singular meaning from the context in which it is embedded. Kane's life is meaningful, but it is not a meaning which stands apart from the events which constitute it.

Some critics have claimed that because we, the viewers, learn the mystery of "Rosebud" in the end, we *do*, in some sense, solve the puzzle of Charles Kane. They have commonly argued that Kane merely turns out to have been sublimating childish desires all along, or that he was only trying to recapture his lost innocence, or something similar. But to reduce the meaning of Kane's life to a simple platitude would surely undo the integrity of the individual narratives that Welles so carefully developed. Instead, we should recognize the truth of Thompson's final words: "[Rosebud] wouldn't have explained anything. I don't think any word can explain a man's life." Only with such an admission can the full play of the narrative structures and the ambiguity they give the film truly come to light.

Citizen Kane is available at GoodTime, Blockbuster, and many other video stores in the Provo/Orem area. Δ

"Thinking about Film" is the title of a new feature that will run throughout the semester. Written by students in Dennis Packard and Travis Anderson's Philosophy of Film class, it will consist of thoughtful reviews of some old classics as well as more contemporary lesser-known films. Δ

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Did you know that Haägen-Daze, which comes complete with a map on its back panel showing Norway and Denmark and two big stars indicating Oslo and Copenhagen, is actually manufactured in Teaneck, New Jersey??!! And as if this affrontery were not enough, the other "super premium" ice cream, Frusen Glädje, has its headquarters in Philadelphia, on JFK Boulevard!!

FLATULENCE, OR FREE SPEECH?

Tom Morgan, a cashier from Portland, Ore., sued coworker Randy Maresh for \$100,000 in damages. The complaint: Maresh "willfully and maliciously inflicted severe mental stress and humiliation . . . by continually, intentionally and repeatedly passing gas directed at the plaintiff." And what was Maresh's defense, you ask? Just this: breaking wind is a form of free speech; therefore, flatulence is a right protected by the First Amendment.

What did the judge have to say about all this? Well, although he conceded that this form of expression was "juvenile and boorish," there is no Oregon law against it. Case dismissed!



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SOUNDS OF LIFE

by Sean Ziebarth

PROVO, BYU...WAKE UP! PAY attention to what's going on around you. On September 14 in Provo's North Park the Sounds of Life concert took place, and most of you weren't

there. How do I know that? Well, I was there all day long, and there were only 50 to 100 people attending the (FREE) twelve-hour music fest. You're going to kick yourself, and your roommate, when you hear what you missed.

Sounds of Life was a benefit concert for a woman by the name of Laurel Bjornberg. Laurel is in need of a liver transplant and Sounds of Life raised money through the sale of food, drinks, and raffle tickets. Prizes ranged from a trip to Las Vegas to a new set of skis, boots, and bindings. The concert was put on by Greywhale CD Exchange, and *Student Review* was one of the co-sponsors.

The meat of the show consisted of nine local bands who served up some tasty vittles for the ears to savor and enjoy. All of these bands were good and I'd see any one of them again. I was delighted by the quality of music. If it's a reflection of local music present and future here in Provo, we are in for a real treat. That, of course, depends on the support that we give these local bands. Sounds of Life was Provo's Lollapalooza concert of the year, and too many people missed out. *Student Review* will do its best to keep you informed about similar upcoming shows as long as you do your best to be there.

Enough of the guilt trip already, let's get down to who played at Sounds of Life. The following is a list of the bands that played, in the order they played, and how they sounded:

Stretch Armstrong—This high-energy ska band had the guts to go on first in the day, at eleven o'clock in the morning, to be precise. They catered to an audience of about ten to fifteen people. Did that prevent their punch? No way. They rocked that stage as if they were playing to a sell-out crowd at the new Delta Center. I applaud their spirit, along with their skank.

Idiots On Guitar—There were three male guitarists, and the rest

were women musicians. I wonder if the ladies had anything to do with naming the band. Unfortunately, I only heard the last couple of songs from this folksy rock sextet, but they sure didn't sound like idiots. They weren't Mensas either, but I really liked them. "Socially Relevant Song" was my favorite. It was a nice sing-along that touched on the issue of people who "drive their cars to GreenPeace meetings."

Underpaid Professors—This jazz quartet was one of the brightest acts of the day. Made up of "adjunct" music professors at the "U," these guys had everyone grooving to a fine contemporary jazz sound. This was their first gig down here in Provo, but they play often in Salt Lake. If you get a chance to see them, the forty-mile trek will be more than worth it.

The Hinge—Actually a *nom de bande* for So Be It, The Hinge did a great cover of the Beatles' "Come Together." If you like U2 or INXS, you will like The Hinge.

Ali Ali Oxen Free—Ali is a band that isn't new to the Provo scene, and they sound like veterans. Ali is a guitar and harmony based band that is reminiscent of China Crisis. Vocalist Delane Barrus has an incredible range, and when guitarist Steve Lemmon chimes in they can't get any better. I love their harmonies, and I love their acoustic guitar sets. Ali just finished recording a record, and I advise you pick it up, check them out, and wallow. Keep your eyes open for them around Provo in the future.

The Cut—An impressive threesome from Salt Lake. The Cut has a real nice edge. They look and sound a little like the Police, but that's not all. They sometimes break into the jazz genre, but break out again into pop, rock, and grunge. The bassist strung out some killer riffs, and it sounded like the guitarist has had experience with jazz guitar. Hopefully The Cut will make their way down to Provo again soon.

Idaho Syndrome—I've seen Idaho Syndrome a few times, and I really appreciate them. They're Provo's gothic rock band, so if you have, or ever had, a Joy Division/Bauhaus

vein running through your musical body, you will love these guys. However, Idaho's ability and sound goes far beyond the gothic. They utilize some great percussionists, and an occasional soprano saxophone really adds to their sound. Idaho recently returned from a tour to the Seattle area, so we should be seeing more of them around town. They go great with pizza.

Basic Language—I don't need to say a lot about Basic Language because they were covered in *Student Review's* Faces section two weeks ago. Nevertheless, I will take time out to mention that they jammed. Their sound is so fresh, so alive, that they will strike a chord some where in anyone. Don't let your stay in Provo pass away without experiencing Basic Language.

The Desotos—I'll be honest. I wasn't looking forward to this band. They play mostly covers from the 50s and 60s. I didn't feel as if they would really fit with the other bands that played. I was wrong. Sure, all the other bands are from the modern school of music, but oldies do have their place. The Desotos had the whole audience dancing and were the only band to do so. Even I was out there doing "the twist." It was fun to see "Elvis" wearing a Notre Dame sweatshirt, Levi's, and sneakers. Hats off to the Desotos; they were great.

Sounds like fun, doesn't it? Well, it was a blast. Of course, there were more things going on than just music at Sounds of Life. There was volleyball and guys with pecs and girls wearing spandex. Someone brought a bed. I saw a couple breaking up. The Jane's Addiction fan club was there too. Like I said before, get out there and see these bands. We have a great music scene happening here in Provo; the variety of musical talent is awesome. I even know of a local reggae band (Cocody Rock) that is getting together and will be playing soon. Take advantage of this talent. Pull yourself away from the books for a few hours. Be a groupie to Provo's music scene. Δ

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THE TABOO NEXT DOOR

by Russell Fox

LAST WEEK WE RAN AN INTERVIEW A member of our staff had conducted over the summer with a polygamist. In the process of conducting the interview, he wasn't shot, assaulted, indoctrinated, or even called silly names. He was, instead, received with hospitality, which is the way I would suppose all of us would like to be received. There were many reasons why the interview could have gone sour or been hung up on doctrinal points and old hostilities or not have taken place at all. It didn't though, and I take that as a good omen.

Polygamy is the taboo next door in Mormondom, in more ways than one. A good many of us are descendents of polygamists. Our literature (good and bad) dwells upon it. And as any missionary knows, its reputation follows us, from Kansas to Korea. Most members don't talk about it, or when they do, they speak of it defensively, as if it were something to hide. Of course, in a sense there is something to hide—the fact that polygamy is still around, despite the Church's best efforts otherwise. For some reason this embarrasses us, angers us, makes us shout "apostate." So much for "come, let us reason together."

You might say we're justified. After all, that's what they are: apostates, deniers of the living prophets. Well, perhaps—to our point of view. To theirs, they are decent folk, trying to live a peculiar lifestyle in a hostile and evil world. Sound familiar?

As members of a community that has declared allegiance to certain ideals and principles, Mormons have had to learn to make do in non-Zion environments. The policy is to build up Zion wherever you may be (i.e., Alabama, Austria, the Andes), rather than "flee unto the tops of the mountains" (i.e., Utah). This means that people like you and me got to grow up in the "mission field" surrounded by people who know little about

the Mormons and care less. Amongst that diverse body of people (whom we tend to call "gentiles"), one may find men and women with a wide variety of habits, mores, and sexual preferences, all of which make for a less-than-ideal Mormon environment.

The point is, that while there are any number of attitudes in society today that Mormon culture has branded intolerable, we have to tolerate them anyway. We have neither the power nor the prerogative to round up every prostitute on the street, every man living a gay lifestyle, every child who abuses drugs, or every father who cheats on his wife. We may want to, but we can't. No matter how clever the laws or cruel

the city councils, we can't drive the sinners out; to do so would make hypocrites of ourselves and a dictator of the Church. So meanwhile, we'll just have to learn to live with everyone who doesn't live up to the scriptures. In fact, we must learn to love them, for such was the Savior's command.

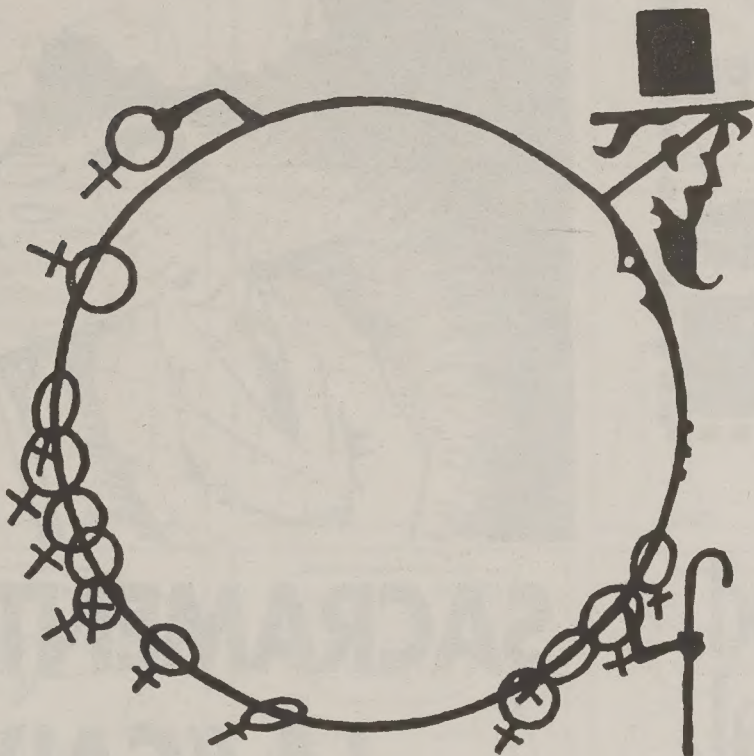
As a rule, I don't think we Mormons do too badly in this regard. For my part, I have lived in an apartment above a house of prostitution and have worked with avowed homosexuals and never once grabbed anyone by their hair and shouted, "Repent!" As Bishop Glenn L. Pace once put it, we cannot condition our friendships on the basis of the friend's willingness to hear the first

discussion.

But when it comes to polygamy, this common sense rule seems to slip away. To maintain association with someone who is not living the usual commandments might be seen here in Mormondom as anything from foolish to compassionate, depending on the situation. But polygamists? To sympathize and associate with "them" is bound to lead to questions about your own testimony, your own commitment. Why?

No doubt, it is at least partly because all the usual sexual and social sins can be found the world over, whereas polygamy is pretty much limited to those who have enough knowledge of the Church to be able to revive a doctrine long since abandoned. As such, it leaves the realm of sexual standards and enters that of priesthood and obedience. Which is fine by me—the Church can categorize sin by whatever ecclesiastical standards it feels appropriate. But in the meantime, we must learn to live with (and love) the taboo next door.

Utah's constitution, in the very same section which in overblown language (written to satisfy the U.S. marshalls, no doubt) guarantees freedom of religion, states firmly that polygamy is "forever forbidden." This, in a day when gay couples can legally adopt and raise children, is strange. And so is our public reaction to polygamy. "Apostates" they may be, but in the meantime they obey the law, salute the flag, educate their children, and refrain from distributing pornography, which makes them pretty decent people in my eyes. Mormondom needs to stop its nonsensical unfair depictions of polygamists. At worst, they're members of another religion, which is what most people are. At best, they are decent people, who happen to live a different lifestyle (one, if I may speak editorially, which I think is infinitely superior to, oh, say, wife swapping). Let's treat them like the decent people they are. Δ



ART BY KENT CHOU

AND WHAT ABOUT OUR HEAVENLY MOTHER?

by Yvette Young

WHY DON'T WE PRAY to a Heavenly Mother," I asked. "Don't know," my friend answered disinterestedly as he took another bite of his candy bar. He continued to stare glassy-eyed at the woman on the television screen. "I think it's because it's weird," he finally said, leaning forward thoughtfully as though he's said something profound.

"But why is it weird? Why shouldn't we pray to a Heavenly Mother? It is logical enough. There are no ..." My words trailed off, and Mike went back to his

enthralled television program. After a couple of minutes he sat forward thoughtfully again and said, "I guess we don't 'cause no one ever said we could."

"No one ever said we could!" I shouted, "That's ridiculous! No one ever said we couldn't!"

"We were created by our heavenly parents. Plural! This was specifically revealed to the prophet Joseph F. Smith. If our Heavenly Parents both exist there has to be a purpose for both of them. So, while our Heavenly Father is doing his celestial-people-saving-soul-changing-world-creating stuff what does she do?" Mike stared at me dumbfoundedly as I continued my raving. Then he was suddenly struck with a

revelation, and exclaimed, "She decorates, Man!" After that brilliant explanation I thought I understood why Heavenly Father didn't reveal more about her. She would be demeaned by Neanderthals who could see no higher purpose for her existence than "to decorate," or worse. This realization, while intriguing, left my mind full of unanswered questions.

"What does our Heavenly Mother do?" I wondered. Mike was obviously going to be of no help in answering this question so I turned to "Old Faithful" (a.k.a. *Mormon Doctrine*) for help. As usual *Mormon Doctrine* was appropriately vague. It stated, "An exalted and glorified Man of

Holiness (Moses 6:57) could not be a Father unless a Woman of like glory, perfection, and intelligence was associated with him as Mother." The fine print of the matter is that she fulfills the traditional role of a mother—being partner in begetting and rearing children (us) to maturity in the pre-existence.

Since it was she who nurtured and prepared us for our earthly probation, it would appear appropriate to demonstrate our appreciation, love, and respect for her through prayer. However, our scriptures outline specific, acceptable methods of prayer. We are directed to pray to the Father in the name of his Son. He will sustain us and meet our spiritual

needs. But, does not her role warrant the same thanks which we now extend solely to the Father? As a creature of "like glory, perfection, and holiness" couldn't we be enriched spiritually by coming to know her? On the other hand, would more frequent reference to her lead to the profaning and demeaning of her name and role? Would prayer to our Mother become a "spiritual experiment" lacking real intent?

I think each person needs to decide on their own. Give it careful thought and maybe, just maybe ... pray about it! Δ

Yvette aspires to be "most gracious."

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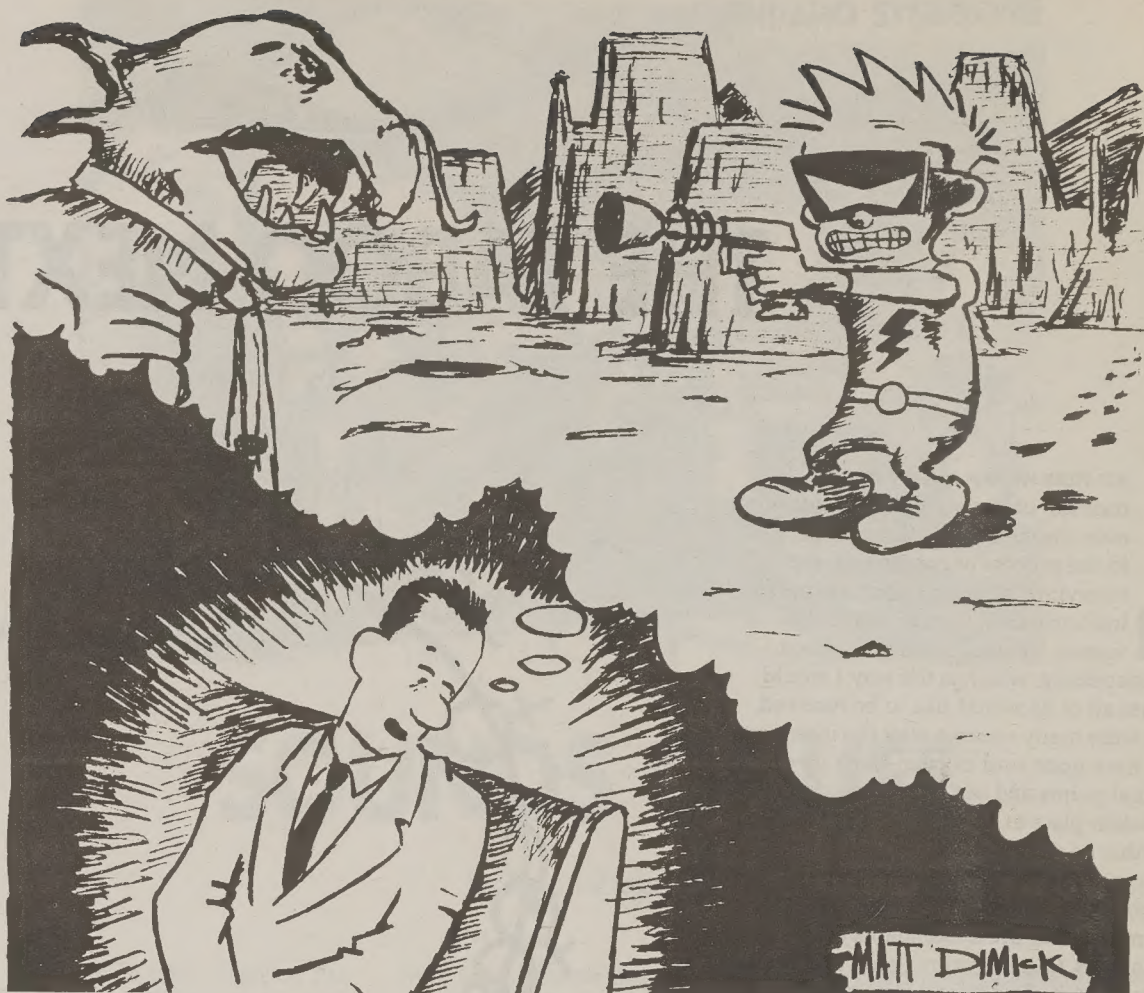
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SACRAMENT MEETING A LA "CALVINISM"

by Rob Fergus

"A

S WE READ IN THE
Book of
Leviticus..."

How long can
this go on, I
thought? If I've
heard one Dry

Council talk I've heard a million. Why
doesn't someone put this poor guy out
of his misery?

And then I saw it. Nothing
spectacular mind you, just a simple
little Cheerio lying under the seat
in front of me. I stared at it for a
moment, cautiously looked around
me, and then, finding the rest of
my ward asleep, I casually leaned
forward and picked it up.

That's when it all started. I was
no longer a 23-year-old returned
missionary in a suit; I was a six-
year-old boy in Converse All Stars.
I was Calvin—Master of the Comic
Page Universe—and seeing as how
it was Sunday, I was in full color!

As Calvin, I immediately began
to do everything that a 23-year-old
RM can't do in Sacramento Meeting.
I began to squeal and play under
the seats, throwing Cheerios about
like confetti and pulling on the
skirt of the girl in front of me. I ran
up onto the stand and began
exploring the foot pedals of the
organ.

Upon doing so, I was
immediately transformed into
Spaceman Spiff, intergalactic
explorer extraordinaire! After a
crash landing upon the strange and
alien planet of Snookums, I found
that eerie musical tones would
emanate from underfoot with each
new step. By jumping up and
down I could cause great volcanoes
to roar. By carefully hopping back
and forth I could even create
music! I was playing part of
Beethoven's seventh when all of a
sudden he was upon me—the most
vile and sweaty Ward Chorister

Monster.

"Stop making such a racket," it
screamed. "If you don't stop, I'll
make you sing a solo in the next
ward Primary presentation!"

Gasping, I spun free of its scaly
talons, only to dash headlong into
the even more terrifying First
Counselor Monster! He grabbed
me and tried to make me sit on his
lap—all the while holding his hand
over my mouth and bouncing me
on his knee. Deprived of oxygen, I
was forced to think quickly. I tried
all of the WWF moves Hobbes had
taught me, but my great acrobatic
feats only caused the First
Counselor Monster to tighten its
hold on me. Finally, I managed to
bite its hand and scamper away as
it howled in pain.

Finding refuge in a valley below,
I paused to catch my breath, only
to find a thick cloud of darkness
descending upon me. It seemed to
have hold of my tongue so that I
could not speak! Suddenly, I felt a
strange poking and prodding
sensation—and I was once again a
23-year-old R.M. sitting in
Sacramento Meeting. The girl sitting
next to me was jabbing me in the
side and telling me to wake up.

After assuring her that I was
indeed awake and listening, I
reverently bowed my head and
began to ponder the great message
that was being presented by our
beloved Dry Councilman.
However, I was distracted by
whispering behind me. Turning to
kindly ask whoever it was to be
quiet, I was startled to see my pet
tiger Hobbes! "Let's go," he
whispered, "if we leave now we'll
make it just in time."

I was going to ask what we
would be just in time for, but
having learned long ago not to
question the wisdom of a tiger, I
carefully edged past the 14-year-

old usher at the door and bolted
into freedom.

Walking down by the river, I
noticed a great crowd of people
milling about on the shore. "There
he is!" one of them cried, and, of
course, they all came clamoring
after me, for I was Calvin the
Baptist.

"O generation of vipers," I said;
"who hath warned you to flee from
the wrath to come?" After
preaching a bunch about
repentance and axes and being
hewn down, the crowd seemed to
get upset. Before I could even call
out to Hobbes they were upon me
and wrestling me to the ground. I
managed to get loose from the dog
pile, but as I started to stand I felt
someone grab my arm and heard a
sharp whisper—"What are you
doing?"

Looking about me, I realized I
was back in church. Only my
friend sitting next to me had kept
me from springing to my feet and
embarrassing myself in the middle
of the speaker's talk.

"Are you all right?" my friend
whispered. "You had a wild look
in your eye and I was afraid you
might be sick."

"I'm fine," I whispered back. "I
was just thinking about what the
Dry Counselor has been talking
about."

"O.K." my friend whispered,
and I just managed to hear the
speaker's final words—

"As Christ taught, unless you
become as 'little children, ye shall
not enter into the kingdom of
heaven' (Matt 18:3). Of this I bear
witness and humbly leave with
you in the name of Jesus Christ,
Amen."

How refreshing, I thought, there
may be hope for me yet! Δ

Rob's third-great grandfather was
one of the Three Nephites.

LIFE IN HELL

©1990 BY
MATT
GROENING

A cartoon by Dave Coverly. Two men wearing top hats and suits are facing each other. A speech bubble from the man on the left says, "THE JIG IS UP."

A cartoon by Dave Coverly. Two men in wedding attire (suits, ties, and top hats) are facing each other. The man on the right has a speech bubble that says "WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?". The man on the left has a small, neutral expression. The man on the right has a slightly more pronounced expression. The background is plain white. The cartoon is signed "Coverly" in the bottom right corner.

A cartoon by Charles Schulz. Two men wearing top hats and tuxedos are facing each other. The man on the left has a speech bubble that says, "I KNOW YOU'RE SEEING SOMEONE ELSE." The man on the right has a small, sad expression. The cartoon is signed "Schulz" in the bottom right corner.

A cartoon by Dave Coverly. Two men wearing top hats and suits are facing each other. The man on the left is speaking, and a speech bubble above him contains the text: "YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING."

A cartoon by Dave Coverly. Two men wearing top hats and suits are facing each other. The man on the left has a speech bubble that says, "I'M NOT SEEING ANYONE." The man on the right is looking at him with a neutral expression.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK YOU ARE THE ONE WHO'S SEEING SOMEONE ELSE.

A cartoon by Dave Coverly. Two men in tuxedos and top hats are facing each other. A speech bubble from the man on the left says, "YOU'RE A TWO-TIMING LITTLE WEASEL."

A cartoon by Dave Coverly. Two men wearing dunce caps are facing each other. A speech bubble from the man on the left says, "YOU THINK YOU'RE SO CLEVER. I KNOW YOUR SECRETS."

I FOLLOWED YOU WHEN YOU WENT OUT YESTERDAY.

I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR ANSWERING MACHINE MESSAGES.

THEN YOU KNOW I'M INNOCENT.

THEN YOU KNOW I'M INNOCENT.

A cartoon illustration of three identical characters with large noses and pointed hats. A speech bubble above them says "AHA! I KNEW IT!!".



New York
\$338^{R/T}

Seattle
\$118^{R/T}

Los Angeles
\$118^{R/T}

San Diego
\$118^{R/T}

Chicago
\$368^{R/T}

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THEATER

Oct. 2 - Oct. 5, "Driving Miss Daisy" at the Pardoe Theater in the HFAC. Call 378-3875 for tickets and times.

Oct. 2 - 3, "Barnum" at the de Jong Concert Hall in the HFAC. Call 378-7444 for tickets and times.

Oct. 4 - 11, "Stop! Look! Listen: More Berlin"; "The Canterville Ghost" at the City Rep.

Oct. 2 - Nov. 23, "The Curious Savage" at the Hale Center Theater.

Oct. 2 - Nov. 23, "The Other Side of Love" at the Hale Center Theater in Orem.

Theater Guide

Babcock Theater, 300 S. University, SLC. Tickets: Fri&Sat \$6, weeknights \$5, 581-6961.

Egyptian Theater, Main Street, Park City. Tickets: 649-9371.

Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: \$5, 364-5696.

Hale Center Theater, 2801 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$4-\$7, 484-9257.

Orem Hale Center Theater, 225 W. 400 N. Tickets: \$4.50-\$5, 226-8600.

Pioneer Theater Company, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC. Tickets: \$8-\$18, 581-6961.

Provo Town Square Theater, 100 N. 100 W., Provo. Tickets: \$3, 375-7300.

Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 500 N., SLC. Tickets: Fri&Sat \$17, T-Th \$14, 363-0525.

Salt Lake Repertory Theater (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: \$6.50 & \$8.50, 532-6000.

MUSIC

Oct. 2, Ali Ali Oxen Free Tape Release Party, opening is Me and Jake, 8pm at Johnny B's. 65 N. University Ave. Tickets are \$3.

Oct. 3, German Orchestra, Provo Tabernacle (100 S. University). Free.

Oct. 3 - 19, "Broadway in Concert"; 7:30p.m.; Margetts arena Theater, HFAC. call 378-7447 for tickets.

Oct. 22, Oingo Boingo at the new Delta Center, tickets \$18, available at all Smith's Tix outlets.

TEMPLE SQUARE CONCERT SERIES

All concerts are at 7:30 in the Assembly Hall and are free.

Oct. 11, Utah All-State Band, Choir, and Orchestra

Oct. 12, Boris and Eleonora Lvov, piano

UTAH SYMPHONY

Oct. 4 - 5, The Rhythm Kings; 8:00p.m. at Symphony Hall. Call 533-note for tickets.

Utah Opera (Capital Theater, 50 W. 200 S., SLC)

Oct. 12 - 18, Samson and Delilah; 8:00p.m. Call 534-0842 for tickets and info.

FILM

SCERA THEATER 50TH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL

(.50 admission .50 concessions)

Oct. 1, 2, 3, Funny Girl

Oct. 4, 5, 7, Lawrence of Arabia

Oct. 8, 9, 10, A Man For All Seasons

Call 225-2560 or 225-2569 for info.

B.Y.U. Film Society, Varsity Theater

Oct. 3, Panic in the streets

Oct. 10, Ben Hur

Oct. 17, Adam's Rib

shows at 4:30, 7:00, 9:30; tickets \$1

INTERNATIONAL CINEMA

call 378-5751 for info.

VARSITY I

ELWC

Oct. 4 - 9, Robin Hood

Oct. 11 - 16, Backdraft

VARSITY II

JSB, BYU, 378-3311.

Oct. 4 - 7, Edward Scissorhands

Oct. 11 - 14, Green Card

MOVIES 8

Call 375-5667 for current listings and show times. Only \$1; \$1.50 on weekends.

TOWER THEATER

876 E. 900 S, SLC, call 359-9234

VILLA THEATER

Located at 254 South Main, Springville, call 489-3088 for current listings and show times. Only \$1.

CINEMA GUIDE

Academy Theater, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.

Avalon Theater, 3605 S. State, SLC, 226-0258.

Carillon Square Theaters, 224-5112.

Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.

Mann Central Square Theater, 374-6061.

Scera Theater, 745 S. State, Orem, 225-2560.

ART

Oct. 1 - Nov. 22, "Drawing 1991", B.F. Larsen Gallery, HFAC

Oct. 3 - Nov. 29, James Christensen etchings of costume designs for Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Maeser building.

Museum of Church History and Art, 45 W. Temple, 240-3310.

LECTURES

Oct. 8, Dr. Inge Lonning, President of Oslo University will speak on "Knowledge is Power" - A Classical Slogan Reconsidered from the Point of View of the 21st Century" at 11A.M., 238 HRCB.

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

White House, 202-456-1414

Governor, 538-1000

Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560

Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000

Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.

General BYU Campus and Community Info, 378-4313.

UTA, 375-4636.

BYU Ombudsman, 378-4132.

BYU Standards, 378-2847.

Free Hearing Test, 373-5219.

Time and Temperature, 373-9120.

SUNDANCE

Oct. 2 - Nov. 30, 8p.m. Indoor Fall Theater, fridays and Saturdays.

Sundance Resort, call 225-4107 for info.

OTHER

Oct. 3, Meet City Council Candidates; 7pm, Provo City Center (351 W. Center), Orem City Center (56 N. State).

Oct. 8, 3rd Annual Homecoming Bed Races, 12pm in the Marigold Quad.

Monte L. Bean Museum of Life Science, 10-5 daily, 10-9 Mondays, 378-5052. Join them for early morning bird walks from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m. every Saturday morning at the Botany Pond, 5th East and 8th North.

Massages, Full body, Full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.

BYU Planetarium, Friday Nights,

492 ESC, 7:30 and 8:30 p.m. call 378-5396.

Geneva Steel plant tours, MTuWF at 9 am and 1 pm, free. Call to reserve a spot: 227-9240.

Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laser Floyd and Laserlight III. Info: 538-2098.

Poetry Readings, City Art, 240 S. Main, SLC, upstairs. Every Thursday at 8 p.m. Also included is music and display art, call 942-1715, free.

Mondays, Readings of local women writers, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.

culture. Topics for the Oct. 2 show will feature Spike Lee's battle to make a movie about Malcom X; the mystique of Norman Mailer; Saturday Night Live's Buck Henry goes to a three-day concert of the Grateful Dead, plus some other good topics. Don't miss it.

Don't miss Oktoberfest up at Snowbird. It happens every weekend until October 13. For info call 521-6040, ext. 4080.

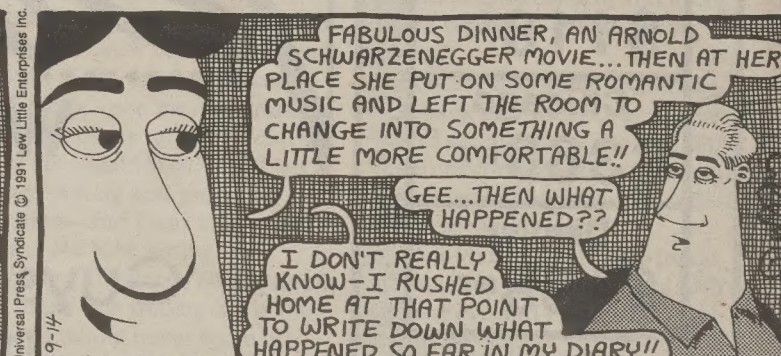
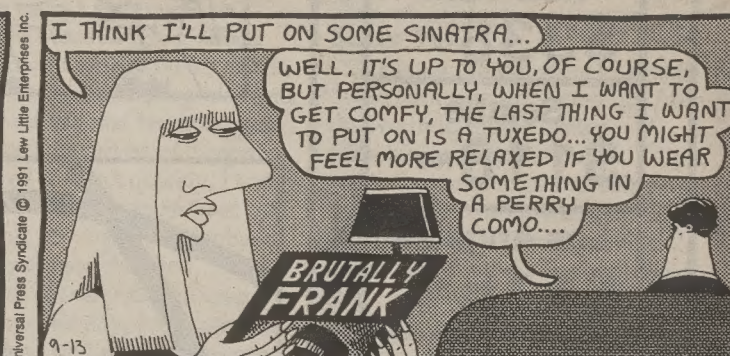
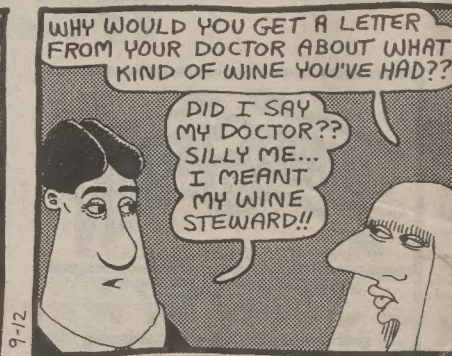
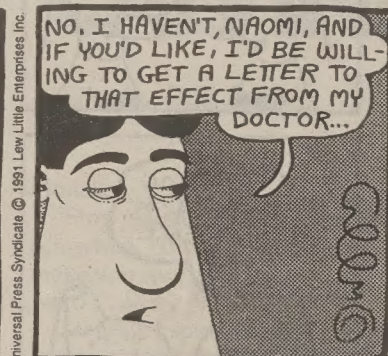
Do not let Fall roll around without going on the Timpanogos Hike and Bike. You can travel through all the different alpine settings in the area; wildflower meadows, spruce and fir forests, aspen and oak groves.

EDITOR'S CHOICE

On Oct. 2, at 8p.m. On channel 7 a new monthly series Called EDGE begins on American pop

THE FUSCO BROTHERS

by J.C. Duffy



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